TUFTS COLLEGE WITHDRAWN


# The Myrtle.

"INSTEAD OF THE BRIER SHALL COME UP THE MYRTLE TREE." ISA. LV. 13.

UNIVERSALIST PUBLISHING HOUSE.

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For the Myrtle.

## Maying.

THE brook is singing its old song;
From icy fetters free,
It rushes joyously along,
Through valley, wood and lea.

The little birds among the trees
Are flitting to and fro;
There's sound of laughter on the breeze,
From happy hearts, I know.

A band of merry children pass,
Each eagerly intent
On finding, 'mid the peeping grass,
Some gift from Flora sent.

They turn their gaily tripping feet
Towards where the brook doth flow—
They know beside its waters sweet
The flowers love to grow.

Surrounded by dark leaves so green,
And looking brightly up,
Upon the water's edge is seen
The Cowslip's golden cup.

Upon that sunny, sheltered bank,
The Violet so blue;
Amid the meadow grasses rank,
The Dandelion, too.

And here, the sweet Anemones
Bow down each pink-white head,
And tremble if the slightest breeze
Sweeps o'er their vernal bed.

From flow'r to flow'r right busily
The merry children skip,
While many sounds that tell of gl
Come from each ruby lip.

Together c[illegible] heir treasures
They wea[illegible] a garland f
And place, [illegible] loving
On Mam[illegible]

Here now [illegible]ey
The darlig[illegible]
Her crown, [illegible]w
Her throe[illegible]

And so, wit[illegible]r
The precio[illegible]
Till Evening [illegible]
And lights [illegible]

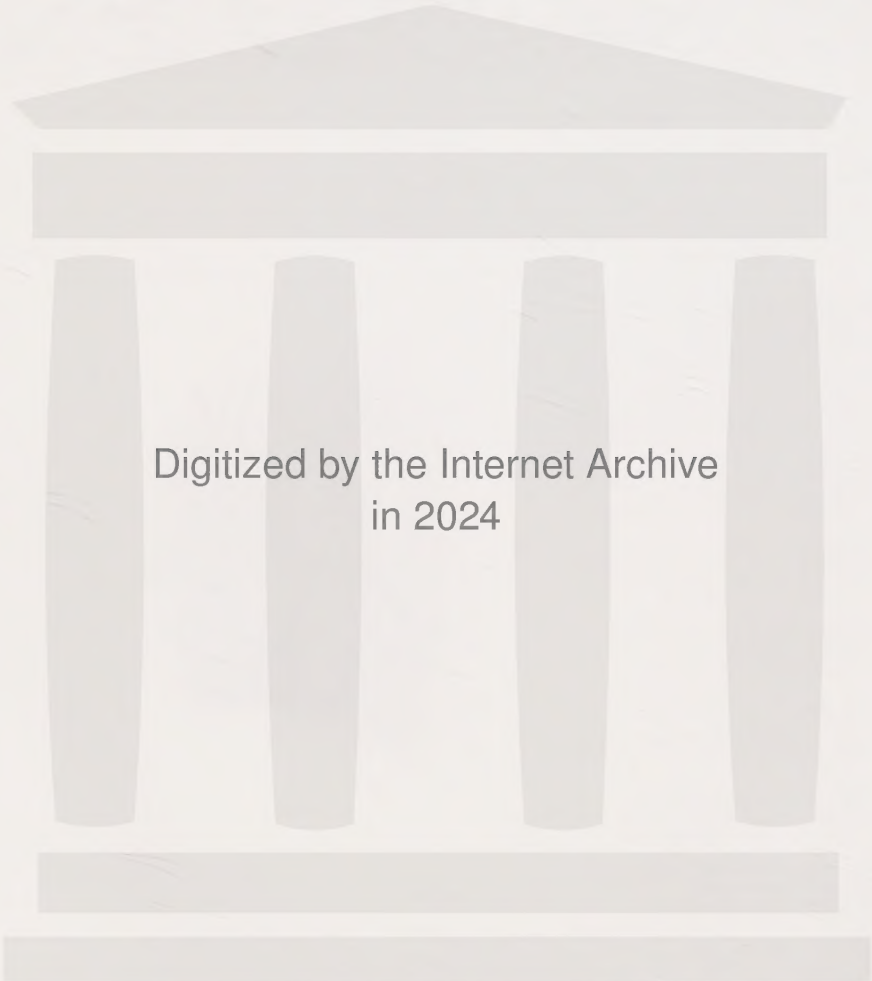
Methinks in [illegible]
That by [illegible]
Will cherish[illegible]
Spent Ma[illegible]

For the Myrtle.

## Nanzette.

A FAIRY STORY.

FAR off in the northwest part of Europe there is a large island. A cold, bleak place the little readers of the MYRTLE would call it; but Nanzette, a little chubby girl who lived there, thought it the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had only two treasures in the world that any one would want — her little daughter Nanzette, and a small antique silver sugar bowl that had belonged to Alsyne's grandmother, and to her grandmother before her, and to several other grandmothers back, enough to have made it at least two hundred years old. This precious relic was of course altogether too valuable to use, and was kept scoured bright and wrapped in a linen cloth upon the topmost shelf of the little cupboard, the lower shelves of which contained only wooden plates for use.

Now this sugar bowl, having been so long in the family, had been chosen as the residence of the household fairy; for you know that in those old countries every good family that had resided for a great length of time in one house, had its attendant elf. This one, whose name was Spud, was a good-natured, lazy fellow, who had slept for thirty years or so without taking much heed of what was going on. He had managed to arouse himself at night to eat the bread that Alsyne regularly left for him, but in no other way had he ever manifested his existence, though there were traditions in the family of his pranks in the grandmothers' days. Lately, however, he had overheard the anxious conversations between Henrick and Alsyne, and felt sorry for little Nanzette, alone all day in the house; so he decided it was best to wake up and help to amuse her in payment for his board and lodging.

You must not suppose that Henrick and Alsyne knew where he lay asleep, for he had on his fairy cap, invisible; and although Alsyne kept the sugar bowl to remind her of his bed

from her view. Suddenly her attention was arrested by a tinkling sound behind her, and turning quickly she fell from the bench to the floor. She was not much hurt, but felt herself raised by small yet strong arms, and there stood little Spud with his good-natured face full of compassion and kindness. He seemed to have grown since he left his bed, for he was two feet high, and wore clothing exactly like that of her father.

"Hey day, Nanzette!" cried he; "a brave little woman not to cry. I am Spud, the house fairy, and have come to play with you."

Nanzette's blue eyes opened wide with astonishment. "I do not know how to play," she said, "but I am very glad that you have come."

"Well, if we cannot play, we can work," said he; and he seized Alsyne's brown woolen apron and tied it around his neck, and tucked it up at his waist to shorten it, and made himself look in a moment like a comical little Alsyne. Then he took the broom and swept the floor clean, made the beds, calling upon little Nanzette to help, and showing her how to spread the sheets and blankets quite smooth. Then he ran to the spring for water, and washed the floor and the cupboard and furniture until they shone, and polished the small windows until Nanzette thought she had never seen the room look so bright and pleasant before. When all this was finished he examined the wood-pile, and as he found but little there, he ran down to the seaside where some heavy timber had just been washed ashore, and in a few moments he had dragged it to the house, had it cut properly and nicely piled ready for use. Then he hoed the small garden and cut down every weed, and then set the oatmeal cakes to rise for supper.

"Now we will take a little walk," said he; and
nzette by the hand he began to open
t Nanzette drew back and told him
allowed to go out of the house.
, "then we will take our walk
immediately a little cloud
om. They walked
green path open
elions and daisies.
Nanzette! Spud
her hands full of
ever she might see,
uld be of great use
slowly walked along
beautiful as they

advanced, being overhung by graceful trees such as Nanzette had never seen before. A silvery stream rippled and splashed along beside them, and bluebirds and robins were singing and flying everywhere. Then they came to a lake like glass, and a charming little boat was fastened just at the end of the path as if it was waiting for them, and Spud lifted Nanzette in as if she had been a feather instead of a little girl, and began to row. Right across the lake they floated, toward a beautiful garden that sloped gradually down to the water upon the opposite side. They landed upon white marble steps that led to this garden, and walked along a gravel path each pebble of which glittered in the sunlight like a precious stone. A silvery fountain was before them, and beautiful flowers upon every side. Then a group of little people like Nanzette and Spud rushed to meet them, embracing and kissing them, giving them a joyful welcome. They made them sit upon gilded chairs that were near, and brought them sparkling water and beautiful red apples to refresh them. Spud ate his apple like a hungry little squirrel, but Nanzette timidly inquired if she might be allowed to carry hers to her mother. The little people smilingly assented, and put three large ones in a pretty willow basket for her to take home. Then they showed Nanzette their lambs, with fleeces of glossy silk, and the blue, yellow and pink satin cows that she supposed to live beyond the horizon, and who gave cream like real Jerseys. They brought her a cup of cream to drink, of which she tasted and found it so delicious that she wanted to have her mother taste it also, and asked permission to carry it home. The kind fairies covered it closely, and placed it with the apples in the willow basket. They then wanted to show their work-rooms; but Spud, who felt responsible for the safe return of his little charge, said it was time to go home, but promised to return with Nanzette at some future day and see all that could be shown. So the fairies conducted them to their little boat, kissed them again and bade them good-by, and they floated across the silvery lake, tripped lightly down the pretty green path, through the cloud, into Alsyne's clean little kitchen again.

Spud quickly tied on the brown woolen apron, kindled the fire and baked the oatmeal cakes for supper, set the table, and was wrapped in his invisible cloak and in the silver sugar bowl just as Alsyne opened the door.

Henrick was only a step behind, for Alsyne had worked harder than usual that day, and was very tired and could not walk as swiftly as she generally did. They both started with surprise at the sight they beheld — the clean room, the cheerful fire, the steaming cakes, and the beautiful red apples that Nanzette had placed upon each plate. They were delighted to hear her story, and standing, thanked the little house spirit for his kindness to their child before they sat down to supper.

Alsyne curiously examined the little cream cup. It was of silver, and strangely wrought in an antique pattern, and was found to be an exact match for the little old sugar bowl upon the shelf; but the lid was so closely fitted that it could not be raised. She poured the cream through the little spout upon the cakes on each plate. They found it sweet like honey, and very rich. They ate all they wanted, and still the cup seemed full.

The apples, too, were delicious, being mellow and sweet; much nicer than any ever seen in the world before. When they had eaten sufficiently, Nanzette had to relate again the whole story; and when she spoke of the buttercups and daisies which she had laid upon the window-seat, Henrick got up to look at them — but they had disappeared. Each buttercup had become a golden guinea, and each daisy a silver dollar — money enough to buy the two cows and the new field for which they had so long wished in vain.

Alsyne and Henrick wept tears of joy, and little Nanzette jumped so hard in her delight that she shook the table, and the fairy basket overturned, and three red apples rolled upon the floor. Would wonders never cease! Alsyne picked up the basket, and there lay in the bottom, side by side, three apples again. As fast as she took them out they again appeared. She filled a barrel with the apples, three at a time, yet three always remained in the basket.

Then she seized the little pitcher and began to pour into a large pan. The pan filled with sweet, rich cream, and still the pitcher was full.

There was no more poverty for them, for the good little house fairy had supplied all their wants. They could carry their apples to market to exchange for whatever they needed. They could buy a churn and fill it with cream for butter, and still always have the pitcher full for supper; and, best of all, little Nanzette would never more have to be left alone. *Mrs. O. D. Miller.*

## The Old Home.

ITALIAN airs are soft and bland,
But sweeter far to me
The breezes of my mountain-land
Beyond the swelling sea.
The mellow sunlight gilds the dome,
And lights the ivied wall,
But brighter o'er my cottage home
New England's sunbeams fall.

I see the light-wreathed smoke ascend
The elm-tree boughs between,
Whose waving branches gently bend
With weight of leafage green.
I see the porch, the climbing vine,
The widely open door,
The broad green leaves that o'er it twine
And shade the sunlit floor.

I hear the murmur of the stream
That sweeps the field beyond,
And by the elm I catch the gleam
That marks the silver pond.
While far across the stretching vale
The light-blue mountains rise
And toss aside their misty veil
To greet the smiling skies.

And northward swells the rounded hill
With distant forest crowned,
Whose fertile slopes the garners fill,
Whose groves with songs resound.
The gray old barn, the patient cows,
The mossy, crumbling wall,
The orchard with its bending boughs,
Again I see it all.

Yes, though I view with reverent gaze
This memory-haunted realm,
Of which I dreamed in other days,
Beneath the shadowing elm;
Yet from this far and sunny shore
My thoughts still turn to thee;
My heart is with thee evermore,
Dear home beyond the sea. *H. A. B.*

———o-o-o———

## A Bright Boy.

Rogues sometimes get money from simple-minded people, but this lad did not belong to the simple ones.

A short time since a boy, who was so small that he was obliged to stand several feet off from the teller's desk in our bank in order to be seen, presented a check for sixty dollars. The money was handed over, the boy being known, and our little friend departed. Some five minutes later he rushed into the bank, looking the picture of fright, and almost breathless. As soon as he recovered sufficiently, he said,

"M—m—mister, did you send for me, sir?"

"No, certainly not. Why do you ask?"

"A m—man came up to m—me in the street, and said you paid me too much money, and he wanted to take it from me."

"Did you give it to him?"

"No, sir. I asked him did he catch a weasel asleep? and I ran back to you."

## A Persian Fable.

One day as I was in the bath, a friend brought me a piece of scented clay. I took it and said, "Art thou musk or ambergris, for I am charmed with thy perfume?"

It answered, "I was but a piece of despicable clay, but I was some time in the company of the rose. The sweet quality of my companion was communicated to me, otherwise I should be only a piece of clay, as I appear to be."

## Truth.

Why should you fear the truth to tell?
Does falsehood ever do so well?
Can you be satisfied to know
There's something wrong to hide below?
No: let your fault be what it may,
To own it is the better way.

For the Myrtle.

## Looking Before.

PRUDY climbed up into her grandmother's chair. It was a very large chair, for her grandmother was a very large woman — one of those whose cheeks never get wrinkled and whose eyes twinkle with good will, and who have a big lap for all the children and grandchildren. This grandmother had gone away for the day, and here was her great chair empty, with her work nicely folded away in the work-box on the little round table that screwed on the arm of the chair.

Some little ones would not have dared to meddle with grandmother's things put away like that; but Prudy, being her grandmother's namesake, was a favored child in her eyes, and did what she chose with little scolding from grandmother. So no sooner was she up in the big chair than she opened the box to see what there was good or pretty inside.

First was grandmother's working-cap neatly folded and laid on the top. That she shook out and drew on over her own little curly head. Next came the half-made sleeve and the scissors and thread and pin-ball, and beneath them all, grandmother's spectacles. She took them all out, and tried to set the spectacles on her nose to go with the cap, but not having nose enough to hold them on, down they fell a half-dozen times into her lap. Playing with the spectacles, Prudy fell a-thinking. How would she feel if she had to wear cap and spectacles all the time? if she was a big old lady like grandmother, and her hair was gray and almost all off, and she had to hold things close up to her eyes to see?

How long would it be before Prudy would be an old lady like that? Let's see, — next after a little girl she would be a big girl in the high school, and have big books, and draw maps, and wear pretty dresses down to the tops of her boots, and have *such* good times! and then, oh,

dear, how far away it was! she'd be a young lady, and wear a gold watch like Miss Clara, and go to parties, and sing in the choir, and go away off, maybe, to teach or to travel; and then, she supposed she'd be a big woman like mamma, and go visiting, and have the sewing-circle meet, and have a house of her own, and maybe there'd be another little Prudy and a big brother John, and a papa, too; and then, oh, ever and ever so long after, she'd be an old lady in cap and spectacles, and perhaps some little girl just like her would climb up in her big chair and call her grandmother, — grandmother Prudy!

And then, — Prudy couldn't seem to get much farther than that. She puzzled awhile, and then called out to John studying by the window,

"John, come here."

John came, tipping his head on one side and shutting one eye, to take a sharper look at his sister in her gramdmother cap.

"John," said Prudy, "what will grandmother be, after she's grandmother?"

"Be? Why, nothing. What do you mean?"

"Won't she live any more?" asked Prudy.

"She'll live till she's a hundred years old, *I* hope," said John; "but she won't ever be anything but grandmother."

"Why?"

"Because she can't *be* anything else, you silly child."

"And after she's lived and lived, — then what?" said Prudy.

"Then she'll die, I suppose, and be buried," said John, — "don't ask such foolish questions"; and back he went to his book.

Poor Prudy! she snatched off the cap and pushed it back into the box. She didn't want to grow old, any more!

Happy for her that her mother heard this talk and came right in.

"John," said she gravely, "is *that* what you ought to teach your little sister?"

"Well," said John, "she can't understand, and I wasn't going to preach."

"You can tell the truth simply without 'preaching,'" said his mother. "And if she is old enough to *ask*, she can understand. *Never*, John, treat her questions in this way again."

Her dear, pretty mother with her flushed face. Would she die and be buried, too?" wondered Prudy.

She came and sat in the big chair and took Prudy in her lap.

"What will come next to you, dear, after your primary school?"

"Oh, the grammar school — all of them — and then the high school," said Prudy eagerly.

"And when you have left the primary and gone up into the grammar, what will the primary children say when somebody asks after Prudy?"

"I know," said Prudy; "they'll say, 'Prudy's gone up higher.'"

"And that is just what grandmother will do, 'after she is grandmother,'" said her mother, smiling. "She will go 'up higher.' God will take her then to live in heaven with him, and Prudy's dear Saviour she has heard so much about."

"Will she be an angel then?" asked Prudy, As if she could not understand!

"Yes," said her mother, "she will be an angel then."

"And she won't die and be buried, at all?"

"*Grandmother* will not," said her mother. "She will leave her body to be laid away, just as the cap and spectacles were laid away this morning when she went out for a visit; but the real grandmother — that lives and thinks and loves Prudy — she will live on, in a new and beautiful form, such as the angels wear."

Prudy thought of it a little while, — this "next" that was to come for grandmother.

"Then there's always something gooder and gooder," said she.

"Yes," said her mother, smiling. "Prudy may live to be as old as grandmother, and have more and more to love and live for all the time, or she may be called 'up higher' to live in that other beautiful home with the angels when she is a child. But she may be sure her dear Father in heaven will always have something better and better for her."

"It is good to grow up, then, isn't it, mother?" said she.

"Yes," said her mother thoughtfully, "it *is* good to grow *up*."

John's eyes met his mother's, deep and full, and something like a tear glistened in them. It was he who understood, that time.

A SMILE is but a little thing
To the happy giver,
Yet full oft it leaves a calm
On life's boisterous river.
Gentle words are never lost,
Howe'er small their seeming;
Sunny rays of love are they
O'er our pathway gleaming.

## Life of the Saviour.

LESSON XXXV.

PARABLES OF THE MUSTARD SEED AND THE LEAVEN.

"I will open my mouth in parables. I will utter things which have been hidden from the foundation of the world."

SCRIPTURE, — Matt. xiii. 31–33; Mark iv. 30–32; Luke xiii. 18–21.

*Question.* — To what small seed does Jesus compare the kingdom of heaven?

*Answer.* — Matt. xiii. 31.

NOTE. It seems that the Jews were in the habit of using the mustard seed to express a very small thing. Matt. xvii. 20. Possibly it was the smallest seed with which they were acquainted.

*Q.* — What is produced from this small seed?

*A.* — Matt. xiii. 32.

*Q.* — For what creatures did it become large enough to afford a lodgment?

*A.* — Matt. xiii. 32.

NOTE. The prophet Ezekiel, when predicting the greatness of the King of Assyria and the extent of his kingdom, compares him to a cedar of Lebanon whose branches extend so wide that all the wild beasts of the earth gather under its branches, and all the birds of heaven lodge in them.

*Q.* — What does Jesus teach by this parable?

*A.* — The future greatness of the kingdom of heaven from its small and seemingly feeble beginning, and also the outward and visible manifestation of the kingdom.

*Q.* — To what else did Jesus compare the kingdom of heaven at this time?

*A.* — Matt. xiii. 33.

NOTE. Leaven or yeast is a substance with which all are familiar. It produces fermentation, and changes the character of the meal or flour with which it is mixed.

*Q.* — Into how large a quantity of meal is the woman represented as putting the leaven?

*A.* — Matt. xiii. 33.

NOTE. Three measures were equal to more than three pecks, or just three pecks and one quart and a pint.

*Q.* — How much of the meal was affected by the leaven?

*A.* — Matt. xiii. 33.

The mustard illustrates the outward growth and visible manifestation of the truth. The leaven illustrates the hidden, secret working of the truth, and it shall continue to influence mankind not only until all men feel the influence of the truth, but until it reaches every region of men's hearts.

## Letters Large and Small.

The very first thing in our basket of leaves is a letter to the children from one who is said to be among our very best Sunday School boys in New Hampshire. Of course everybody will read what he says:

*Dear Young Readers:*

I wonder if you ever think of the hard work there is to be done in making up a paper no larger than the MYRTLE. Do you ever think of the work and care of its Editors, in looking over the articles from their correspondents to see if they are suitable to be put in type, of writing articles themselves, of collecting every little item in regard to our Sunday School work throughout our country, and then sending them all abroad over our land?

Again, do you ever think of the amount of work the printer has to do in setting the type for the paper? Do you know that every little letter, and punctuation mark, and line, and cut, has to be taken up, one at a time, and put in place by the printer; and then, after a *proof*, or copy, is taken of the *form*, as the type is called after being set up, it must be carefully looked over by the proof-reader, who corrects any mistake which may have been made by the printer.

And after all this is done the copies are printed, and then mailed to the subscribers, who are scattered from Maine to California. And all this is done for the benefit of our Sabbath School scholars.

Hereafter we are to have *fifty-two* numbers of the MYRTLE for only fifty cents — *less than one cent each*, at club rates!

I do not doubt that all of my readers think that they fully appreciate this work, but the most *practical* way to manifest their appreciation of the labor of the editors, printers and contributors, is to try to increase their club list, and to form clubs where none now exist. Nearly every one who reads this can do something in this direction with but very little trouble, and thus help our cause along; for it can be helped in no better field than the Sabbath School, and there is no surer way to reach the scholars than by means of our Sabbath School papers.

Now, scholars, think of this, and not only *think* but *act*, and you may be assured that every hour's time you spend in this work you will have spent to a good purpose; and when a few months hence the editor tells us how much the subscription list has increased, you will have the satisfaction of knowing that *you* helped bring about that increase. *Fen.*

*Weare, N. H.*

It seems as if some little people had read this letter before it was printed, for see how they reply. Here is one from Ohio:

"If you will please send me a specimen number of the MYRTLE, I will try and get up a small club, although we live in the country and I am not a very large girl. *Mary L. H.*"

And here is a note from Iowa that has a special interest. After asking for specimen copies, the writer says:

"There is a new Sunday School started here, but it is not a Universalist school. We are the only Universalist family in it. I am going to try and get the MYRTLE into the school."

## Our Sunday Schools.

ANOKA, MINN.

The superintendent writes: "We have a live little school of one hundred scholars. Our Society is young, and consequently not large, but seems to be increasing under the leadership of Rev. Moses Goodrich. We propose to build a fine church this summer." That is good news thrice over, and looks as if school and church were prospering together.

HIGHTSTOWN, N. J.

A Sunday School worker writes: "We have often talked over the beauty of a *weekly* to use in part as a substitute for library books. I think we shall endeavor to avail ourselves of your offer, for the new weekly MYRTLE." We shall do our best to have the MYRTLE meet just this demand, and we hope those schools who have little money to spare and many ways for it, will cut off a few library books, if need be, and give the MYRTLE a try in their place. Then bind it and put it in the library afterward. You will approve of that economy, won't you, little folks?

HALLOWELL, ME.

The "young folks" at this place propose to *earn* new library books. For this good purpose they held a Sunday School Exhibition on the evening of Apr. 4. We have not learned the extent of their success, but hope it was fully equal to their zeal.

BEDFORD, IOWA.

Rev. J. Bishop, who is working with his whole heart to build up the cause in Bedford, Iowa, writes that a new Sunday School is just opened with good numbers and every prospect of living and thriving; and as a means to this he sends for the weekly MYRTLE for all the children.

WEARE, N. H.

The friends of the Sabbath School here have been working hard to help on its interests. They have just held a Levee for its benefit by which it was made $275 richer than before. It also made an opportunity for an excellent time which was enjoyed by both young and old.

SCHOOL ST., BOSTON.

The anniversary of the School Street Sunday School was appointed for Easter Sunday, but was postponed on account of the illness of the superintendent. We are going to give our readers, however, the benefit of this "Easter Song," written for the occasion by one of the teachers, Miss J. S. Cooke:

Shout the tidings, — Christ is risen!
Swell the song through earth and heaven;
He who came from sin to save,
He hath triumphed o'er the grave.

When he left those realms of bliss,
Came to save a world like this,
Angels chanted *this* refrain,
"Peace on earth, good will to men.

But a loftier song of praise,
Ransomed children now may raise;
"*Life immortal*" is the strain,
Christ our Lord is risen again.

We no longer sit in gloom,
Christ has triumphed o'er the tomb;
Death no longer holds the prize,
Christ hath opened paradise.

## To our Readers.

The selections we print from a few of the letters we have received, show how gladly our people welcome the MYRTLE as a weekly. The Sunday Schools are taking great interest in it, and it is finding earnest friends in towns where there are no Universalist societies or Sunday Schools. In many instances parents and in other instances children have gone among friends and neighbors and have obtained a sufficient number of subscribers to form a club, in a very short time. Will not some friend or some boy or girl make an effort to get us some subscribers? Encourage us by your efforts. The MYRTLE is the cheapest Sunday School paper published. See advertisement at foot of this column.

## Enigma.

Upon a spacious meadow graze
A host of silver fleecy sheep;
As now they wander 'neath our gaze
The oldest man beheld them creep.

They wax not old, and drink life's source
From out an inexhausted bourne;
A shepherd guides them in their course
With lovely winding silver horn.

He drives them out through golden doors,
And counts them when at eve they meet,
The loss of not a lamb deplores,
Though oft their journey they repeat.

A faithful dog is at his side,
A cheerful ram before them goes.
Where is this flock, this pasture wide?
And who the shepherd is, disclose!

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